

Vore-O-Sensei

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by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

Nagisa and Karma enter Korosensei's body in order to remove a virus from it.

VORE-O-SENSEI

By XanderMartin98

“Sigh...another day, another ridiculously enormous heap of shenanigans in Class 3-E, also known as Korosensei’s ‘Old Campus’ building...not to mention who-even-KNOWS-how-many more effortlessly foiled Korosensei assassination attempts by me and my classmates...” Nagisa rather-predictably began internally monologuing to himself as the incredibly run-down miniature school in which he and his fellow E-Class-mates worked under Korosensei’s (partially) academic tutelage was displayed in an entirely-too-familiar “mid-day” establishing shot.

“Now, you’re probably already wondering exactly HOW this day is going to be different from all of the other ones that we’ve spent with Korosensei, but let me tell you, pal, the answer to that question is NOT going to be a pretty one...” Nagisa internally-chucklingly and increasingly-nervously continued internally monologuing to himself as Korosensei rather-frightenedly and very-pale-lookingly called out for him and Karma from the teaching desk at the front of his classroom, causing both them and their fellow Class 3-E students to loudly gasp in response (not to mention

surprise).

“(cough, wheeze) Nagisa...(gasp, sputter)...Karma...(choke, cough)...” the utterly-pathetically crying and sobbing Korosensei got down onto his remarkably numerous knees and rather-weakly began asking Nagisa and Karma, being downright-hilariously over-dramatic in the process as said pair of students rather-embarrassedly approached him.

“Oh, for CRYING out loud; SNAP out of it, ya freaking FOOL!” Karma very-frustratedly yelled at Korosensei, attempting to fiercely slap said grotesquely weird-and-cartoonish-looking octopus-man-teacher-thing right across the face with his left hand (and causing Nagisa to rather-startledly flinch in response) as he did so. Surely enough, however, Korosensei reflexively used his Mach 20 speed to teleport himself quite-literally all the way around the classroom and therefore effortlessly dodge said face-slapping attempt, causing Karma to exasperatedly sigh in response.

“Well, you see, I would if I COULD, but first, I’m afraid that you two are going to have to get the virus that is currently afflicting me out of ME!” Korosensei suddenly sprung straight back up onto his (tentacle) feet and ever-so-eagerly began explaining to Nagisa and Karma, causing the two of them to rather-awkwardly-and-squeamishly ask him “how, exactly?” in response while both of their faces briefly but very-rapidly began turning green from the mere thought of what Korosensei was almost-certainly going to make the two of them do.

“HOW, you ask? Why, by venturing into my BODY with the help of a certain pair of virtually indestructible protective suits whose pant pockets are inexplicably able to hold seemingly INFINITE amounts of stuff, of course! It’ll be a DELIGHTFULLY educational experience, trust me!” Korosensei rather-smugly explained to Nagisa and Karma, patting both of their increasingly disgusted-looking heads with his (tentacle) hands as he did so.

“UGH...uhh...hold that thought for a second, Teach; there’s something we need to do real (GAG) quick!” Karma nauseatedly groaned and then very-hastily explained to Korosensei while Nagisa equally-nauseatedly nodded his increasingly light-feeling head in response (not to mention agreement).

“Here; go ahead and take your aforementioned nano-suits, or whatever in the Hell I’m supposed to call them, with you so that the two of you can change yourselves into them!” Korosensei urgently encouraged Nagisa and Karma as he inhumanly-speedily pulled said suits out from the drawers of his desk and then just-as-speedily handed them to their intended (new) wearers.

“Okay (RETCH); thanks, teacher!” Nagisa rather-embarrassedly thanked Korosensei as he (Nagisa) and Karma frantically ran out of the classroom and into the nearest bathroom (which was actually the nearest forest) for some good old-fashioned vomiting (and, of course, painfully blatant fan service).

ONE IMPRESSIVELY LARGE AMOUNT OF VOMITING (AND ONE INTENSELY HOMO-EROTIC ON-SCREEN DISPLAY OF NAGISA’S AND KARMA’S NAKED BODIES)
LATER...

“Alright; we’re back and all suited up! What now?” Karma incredibly-charismatically asked Korosensei as he (Karma) and Nagisa returned to their designated classroom with rather-disturbingly skin-tight astronaut suits (complete with helmets whose visors allowed a rather-surprisingly large amount of sound to pass through themselves, along with mechanical wings that gave their wearers the power of flight) on their bodies and a truly admirable amount of courage in their hearts (well, actually, Korosensei could acutely sense that said hearts were ACTUALLY beating quite-rapidly, but I digress).

“And, uhh...what exactly happened to all of our classmates, pardon my asking? To be more precise, where did they GO?” Nagisa shrugged his shoulders and somewhat-worriedly asked Korosensei, sincerely hoping that Korosensei hadn’t sent THEM into his body as he did so.

“INTO MY BELLY!” Korosensei intimidatingly roared at Nagisa and Karma, wildly flailing his tentacles all over the place as he did so; naturally enough, said boys both jumped straight up into the air and downright-horrifiedly screamed “OH MY GOD; HE REALLY IS A FREAKING MONSTER” in response.

“Oh, RELAX; I’m just KIDDING, you silly little dorks!” Korosensei clutched his clearly aching belly with his arms and teasingly explained to Nagisa and Karma while uproariously laughing as he did so; needless to say, said boys were clearly NOT amused, and Korosensei also-clearly wasn’t going to be able to hide how utterly awful of a belly ache he had for much longer, if any longer at all.

“Ha ha; very funny...” Nagisa and Karma rolled their eyes and sarcastically thought to themselves as Korosensei suddenly began tightly clutching his increasingly aching belly and loudly crying in agony.

“I SENT ALL OF THEM INTO THE FOREST FOR A NICE AND PEACEFUL NATURE-STUDYING EXPEDITION WITH MR. KARASUMA! (loudly cries while curled up in a sideways fetal position on the floor) I JUST COULDN’T BRING MYSELF TO MAKE THEM WATCH ME GO THROUGH ALL OF THE UTTERLY HORRIFIC PAIN THAT YOUR UPCOMING JOURNEY THROUGH MY INSIDES IS ALMOST-DEFINITELY GOING TO END UP CAUSING ME TO FEE-HEE-HEE-HEEL!” Korosensei hysterically screamed while bawling his ever-loving head off in the process; amusingly enough, Nagisa and Karma just blankly stared at him in response, not even quite knowing HOW to react to his utter ridiculous-ness anymore.

“Anyway, with all of that being said, please discard any anti-me weapons that the two of you...especially YOU, Karma...may or not be hiding in those lovely new pant pockets of yours, and please do so immediately!” Korosensei (after screwing his head back onto himself and getting back up onto his...uh, feet) immediately swung straight back into his normal mood (due to the fact that the virus inside him was no longer directly attacking his stomach) and sternly-yet-politely commanded Nagisa and Karma, who somewhat-reluctantly followed his orders in response (surely enough, Karma’s suit pockets contained a LOT more anti-Korosensei weapons when compared to Nagisa’s).

QUITE A FEW LUDICROUSLY-EASILY DODGED AND FOILED “SURPRISE-ATTACKING KORONSENSEI WITH THE ANTI-KORONSENSEI WEAPONS IN THEIR POCKETS” ATTEMPTS BY NAGISA AND KARMA LATER...

“Okay! Now, at long last, the two of you are FINALLY ready to hopefully-non-lethally enter my body!” Korosensei triumphantly laughed as he took the formerly empty (not to mention cartoonishly “bigger on the inside”) portable cooler that Nagisa and Karma had just stuffed with all(?) of their concealed anti-Korosensei weapons and then extremely-forcefully threw it out of the classroom through (yes, literally through) its nearest window, triggering both a rather loud “breaking glass” sound effect and a hilariously loud “screaming cat” sound effect in the process.

“Hold on, Teach; there’s still one more place in which you apparently forgot to LOOK: my STOMACH!” Karma quite-snidely teased Korosensei, reaching into his mouth with his hands and then repeatedly poking his uvula with his fingers as he did so...until finally, surely enough, he vomited yet again, puking one last spare anti-Korosensei knife directly into his hands in the

process.

“Oh, believe me; I beg to DIFFER!” Korosensei mockingly teased Karma, briefly converting his eyeballs into their “X-Ray vision” mode in the process as he, with his usual utterly ludicrous speed, seemingly-inexplicably un-surprisedly dodged said boy’s attempt to stab him with his “stomach knife” before then immediately whipping said knife out of said boy’s hands with one of his arms.

“DAMN it! I’ve been foiled by my own freaking teacher AGAIN!” Karma frustratedly yelled as he reluctantly complied with Korosensei’s (rather-understandably) extremely strict “remove the anti-Korosensei weapons from ALL of your pockets” order by also-quite-forcefully throwing his aforementioned “stomach knife” out of the classroom through the exact same gaping and jagged “window hole” that Korosensei had just made for literally no apparent reason other than “because he thought that doing so made him look cool”.

“Oh, don’t worry, Karma; I’m sure that he’s a LOT more vulnerable on the inside than he is on the outside!” Nagisa rather-optimistically reminded Karma as the two of them reluctantly stood in front of Korosensei and increasingly-anxiously waited for said octopus man to fire “magical” shrink rays at them with his hands.

“OH, yeah...ESPECIALLY when it comes to his precious little HEART and that big, squishy BRAIN of his...OOH, MOMMA...” Karma began droolingly-sadistically moaning to himself, gaining a quite-visibly large penile erection and remarkably-intensely creeping Nagisa and Korosensei out as he did so.

“Just for the record, Karma, killing me from the inside while I am COMPLETELY unable to defend myself will be considered such an immensely cowardly and despicable act that if the people who are watching over this dainty little ‘assassination game’ of ours somehow manage to find out that you and/or Nagisa have done it, they might actually end up classifying it as plain old ‘utterly sadistic murder’ rather than something that actually deserves to be called a proper ‘assassination’. Believe me, you and your partner HAVE been warned.” Korosensei coldly-yet-admirably-informatively explained to Karma while said boy and Nagisa both regretfully nodded their heads in agreement.

“Oh, and by the way, Karma, taking control of my brain and then using it to make me kill MYSELF is hardly any less cowardly and despicable of a ‘killing me’ method than directly attacking my internal organs, and despite probably not actually being considered ‘prison-worthy’ by our local government and said government’s law enforcers, it still COULD potentially result in you and/or Nagisa not actually getting the proper amount of reward money that people who kill criminals that are as utterly infamous as I am are SUPPOSED to receive...so please take note of that as well. You too, Nagisa.” Korosensei continued explaining to Karma and Nagisa in an amazingly calm and anger-lacking vocal tone while said boys meekly hung their heads in shame at the mere thought of making said octopus man commit mind-control-induced suicide (also known as quite-literally THE cheapest trick in the book).

“More importantly, however, PLEASE remember to have fun and stay safe while you explore the wonderfully fascinating interior of my body! Also, don’t forget to take note of my inner WEAKNESSES!” Korosensei ever-so-lovingly encouraged Nagisa and Karma, ecstatically (not to mention completely un-change-ably) grinning from ear to ear and impressively-gently patting their shoulders with his hands as he did so.

“Now before I shrink you boys, is there anything else that you may or may not need/want to do? If so, please remember that this is quite-literally your last chance to tell me!” Korosensei quite-curiously asked Nagisa and Karma while said boys rather-meekly scratched the backs of their

heads and said “WELL...we guess that we should probably transfer the remaining contents of our backpacks and whatnot into our suit pockets” to him with happy-but-embarrassed-looking closed eyes in response.

“UGH...FINE...” Korosensei rather-impatiently groaned as Nagisa and Karma rather-hastily emptied out the remaining contents of their backpacks (while Korosensei VERY-closely watched them to make sure that they weren’t using said activity as an excuse to sneak anti-Korosensei weapons into their suit pockets, naturally enough) and then eagerly readied themselves to enter their teacher’s body...when all of a sudden, they were met with yet ANOTHER seemingly trifling delay.

“WAIT! I almost forgot to give the two of you your most important tools of all!” Korosensei ever-so-suddenly had a completely-out-of-nowhere “Eureka” moment and ever-so-flamboyantly exclaimed while pointing his (uhh) index fingers straight up into the air.

“While I might not be allowing the two of you to use anti-ME weapons during this mission, you definitely ARE going to need anti-VIRUS weapons...which is EXACTLY where THESE babies come into play!” Korosensei incredibly-enthusiastically explained to Nagisa and Karma as he reached into his desk, pulled out a pair of metal-bladed and impossibly durable (medicinal liquid) injector knives from its drawers, and then very-eagerly handed said knives to said boys, still immensely-cartoonishly grinning from ear to ear (as if HE wanted to kill someone) as he did so.

“WOW...what ARE these things?” Nagisa fascinatedly asked Korosensei (causing Karma to rather-understandably groan “what a freaking idiot” and exasperatedly roll his eyes in response) as said octopus man humbly deposited exactly one injector knife into each of his (Nagisa’s) and Karma’s pairs of hands.

“What do you freaking THINK they are, dumbass?” Karma rather-carelessly threw his arms out beside himself (with his new injector knife being thankfully-tightly confined in the grip of his right hand as he did so) and increasingly-frustratedly pointed out to Nagisa while Korosensei agreeingly nodded his head in response. Needless to say, Nagisa felt like quite an idiot indeed (to say the LEAST).

“Indeed, these are injector knives that have been thoroughly loaded with a liquid medicinal substance that is almost GUARANTEED to VERY-thoroughly kill the virus that has been afflicting me!” Korosensei impressively-patiently explained to Nagisa, ironically giving both Karma and said boy the perfect material for several more questions (actually GOOD questions, in fact) as they both rather-hastily stuffed their new injector knives into their suit pockets in response.

“Hey, WAIT a minute; what do you mean by ALMOST? You freaking idiot; you seriously don’t even know whether or not this goofy-and-tropey-as-ALL-hell ‘sending me and Nagisa into your body in order to eliminate the virus within it’ plan of yours is actually going to freaking WORK?” Karma increasingly-disbelievingly ranted at Korosensei while Nagisa soul-piercingly glared at said octopus man in response.

“Yeah, exactly what he said...oh, and also, you haven’t even freaking NAMED whatever in the actual Hell this so-called ‘virus’ that you’re talking about IS! How exactly are we supposed to know that you aren’t just pulling our legs and/or severely over-reacting to a slightly above-average case of a completely average disease that can easily be cured using also-completely average methods, HMM?” Nagisa rather-girlishly placed his hands onto his hips and remarkably-sassily began chastising Korosensei, causing said octopus man to rather-nervously-and-embarrassedly drum his hands together and go “EH-HEH” in response.

“Even MORE importantly, what in God’s name is this type of episode plot doing in freaking

EASTERN animation?!” Karma downright-infuriatedly (not to mention T-Rex-facedly) roared at Korosensei, causing said octopus man to exhaustedly shrug his shoulders and mutter “Hell if I know” to himself in response.

“Alright; for the LOVE of God, ENOUGH of this!” Korosensei immensely-frustratedly yelled at Nagisa and Karma, crossing his arms over his chest and then very-dramatically swinging them out beside himself as he did so. Needless to say, both of said boys immediately and surprisingly-intimidatedly followed his “shut up and listen” order in response.

“Look; the virus that has been afflicting me, as far as me and my fellow scientists can tell, is an extremely rare and supernaturally powerful form of a certain germ known as COVID-19 or the CoronaVirus, and I quite-frankly seem to have downright-miraculously caught it from some utterly random person in China as...well, KARMA for the fact that I’ve been spending far too much of my free time in said country and also doing FAR too many incredibly racist impersonations of its people in the process lately.” Korosensei quite-regretfully explained to Nagisa and Karma, hanging his head in shame as he did so.

“Well, isn’t THAT just utterly predictable?” Karma shrugged his shoulders and smugly sighed, also-utterly-predictably having a rather-remarkably shit-eating grin on his face as he did so; needless to say, Nagisa was actually quite amused by said joke, but Korosensei was definitely NOT.

“SHUT UP!” Korosensei furiously yelled at Karma, nearly punching him in the process.

“Anyway, the normal function of said disease is mostly just to utterly destroy people’s lungs, but THIS version of it apparently considers such a modest goal to be ‘utterly beneath’ it; in fact, I’m pretty sure that it even went into my brain this morning just to tell me about how much it wants to horrifically infect and pollute my entire body so that said body can become an ideal one for it to COMPLETELY turn into its own using said brain’s manual control interface! SERIOUSLY, YOU GUYS HAVE TO HELP ME RIGHT FREAKING NOW-HOW-HOW-HOW! I REALLY DON’T WANNA DIE-HIE-HIE-HIE!” Korosensei returned to his normal “standing up straight” position and increasingly-frightenedly explained to Nagisa and Karma, quickly beginning to increasingly-tightly clutch his quite-rapidly sanity-losing head with his hands as he did so...before then utterly-predictably collapsing onto his hands and knees and breaking down into yet another positively manic fit of crying, screaming and begging while Nagisa and Karma just extremely-embarrassedly and also-extremely-confusedly stared at him in response.

“Ugh...again with the ‘pretty sure’ and the completely over-dramatic tantrum-throwing...” Karma very-disappointedly groaned while he and Nagisa both exasperatedly and head-hangingly face-palmed themselves.

“Also, isn’t...oh, YOU know, kind of the whole freaking POINT of you being our current teacher supposed to be the fact that we’re trying to find a way to kill YOU? Honestly, give us ONE genuinely good reason why we can’t just let this so-called ‘CoronaVirus’ of yours kill you FOR us!” Nagisa crossed his arms over his chest, repeatedly tapped his right foot against the floor of the classroom, and rather-impatiently pointed out to Korosensei while Karma remarkably-devilishly smirked in agreement.

“Okay, here’s the thing; first of all, it’s more-or-less safe for us to assume that this version of COVID-19 merely wants to conquer and extremely-excessively pollute my body rather than actually destroying it...” Korosensei got back up onto his feet and surprisingly-calmly began explaining while Nagisa and Karma rather-nervously thought “WAIT FOR IT” to themselves in response.

“AND SECOND OF ALL, THE ONLY THING THAT THE TWO OF YOU LETTING SOME STUPID FREAKING GERM KILL ME FOR YOU WOULD PROVE ABOUT YOU IS THAT YOU ARE BOTH UTTERLY SPINELESS FREAKING COWARDS! RIGHT NOW, I AM NOT YOUR TARGET! THE VIRUS INSIDE ME IS YOUR TARGET! GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK FREAKING SKULLS, FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST!” Korosensei unbelievably-furiously roared at Nagisa and Karma, briefly but extremely-terrifyingly becoming black-demon-faced and quite-nearly blowing the hair right off of said utterly fear-frozen boys’ heads as he did so.

“Oh, and also, be sure to stuff some extra injector knives into your pockets, just in case the amount of medicine that is being stored within your main injector knives turns out to not actually be enough to take this virus down...you silly GOOSES!” Korosensei suddenly swung straight from his “anger incarnate” mood into his “happy and playful” one and then rather-teasingly told Nagisa and Karma (who both rather-loudly went “PHEW” in response) as he reached back into his desk and pulled out numerous additional injector knives (18 of them, to be exact) for said boys to (also) stuff into their suit pockets (needless to say, each of said boys received exactly nine of said spares).

“Say...speaking of this so-called PLAN of yours not really making any actual sense whatsoever, why can’t we just kill the virus within you by stabbing YOU with these medicinal injector knives of yours, since they’re apparently so incredibly ineffective against you?” Nagisa “philosophically” placed his right hand onto his chin and somewhat-amusedly pointed out to Korosensei while Karma agreeingly and rather-irritatedly muttered “exactly” to himself in response.

“Because that just quite-simply won’t work, okay? As a general ‘Assassination Classroom logic’ rule, pretty much any virus that is even nearly as powerful as this one seems to be needs to be directly hit and medicine-filled by injection needles such as the extremely glorified ones that I’ve just given the two of you before it will ACTUALLY die rather than just pretending to do so.” Korosensei shrugged his shoulders and rather-tiredly explained to Nagisa and Karma, who both just blank-facedly stared at him in response.

“Eh...what the Hell? As long as this mission allows me to blatantly-sadistically kill SOMETHING, I’m MORE than ready to participate in it!” Karma shrugged his own shoulders and blatantly-sadistically chuckled while Nagisa somewhat-annoyedly rolled his eyes and muttered “of COURSE you are” in response.

“Well, then...I surely-as-Hell hope that you and Nagisa don’t mind quite-literally getting eaten alive by ME!” Korosensei chucklingly teased Nagisa and Karma as he fired exactly two “magical” shrink rays from his hands and rather-predictably hit both of said boys with them, causing said boys to shrink to a basically microscopic size.

“Oh, and one last thing; those lovely new suits of yours feature wireless communication links to my brain and its auditory cortex, so I WILL be able to hear whatever the two of you end up saying while you’re inside me! Please try not to say anything NAUGHTY, okay?” Korosensei wagged one of his right index fingers at Nagisa and Karma and very-teasingly informed/warned the two of them as he scooped them up with one of his left hands and then very-intently held them in front of his face, still standing up remarkably straight despite the immense internal pain that he was presumably experiencing as he did so.

“Okay, Teach(er)...” Nagisa and Karma quite-embarrassedly groaned as Korosensei rather-widely opened his mouth and then somewhat-carelessly tossed not one but TWO of his most amazingly talented (ahem) little assassins straight into it and therefore straight down his throat.

“GULP!” Korosensei rather-nervously said out loud as Nagisa and Karma rapidly yet surprisingly-

nonchalantly fell straight down his remarkably slimy gullet, duly noting how shockingly human-looking said gullet and the voice box (larynx) within it both were as they did so.

“Wow, Teach; I didn’t know that you were so literally HUMAN on the inside!” Karma jokingly laughed as he and Nagisa finally reached Korosensei’s immensely junk-food-loaded and aching stomach, which they were thoroughly and amazingly-calmly observing the rather-weirdly normal-looking (except for being red and swollen and being populated by numerous anthropomorphic, bat-winged and extremely Chinese-looking COVID-19 germs that were quite-busily flying around in it and dumping all sorts of trash, including oil canisters and their own urine and feces, into it) interior of by hovering directly above its digestive acid using the aforementioned mechanical wings of their suits.

“Well, uhh...it’s kind of a long story, to say the least...” Korosensei nervously scratched the back of his head with his hands and very-regretfully told Karma while said boy and Nagisa very-confusedly looked at each other in response.

“Well, whatever the reason for it may be, you sure do seem to have an internal anatomy type that the type of virus that you’re supposedly dealing with right now knows its way around awfully well...” Nagisa crossed his arms over his chest and rather-snarkily reminded Korosensei while said octopus man crossed his own arms over his own chest and quite-stubbornly went “HMPH” in response.

“Hey, I can turn my body into whatever I freaking WANT to turn it into, okay?! The reason WHY I somewhat-recently decided to convert my internal organs into nearly exact replicas of human ones is none of your freaking business, now IS it?!” Korosensei placed his hands onto his hips and extremely-sassily reminded Nagisa as said boy and Karma rather-disgustedly looked around at the absolutely massive piles of instant noodles, candy and snacks (not to mention the rather huge amount of literal oil and humanoid waste) that said octopus man’s stomach acid was filled with.

“Well, whether it is or isn’t our business, you surely-as-Hell DO need to freaking EAT better, Teach! For crying out loud, I’ve seen freaking Lunchables packages that contain healthier food than this crap!” Karma mockingly laughed at Korosensei as he (Karma) and Nagisa looked/flew around the inside of said octopus man’s thoroughly inflamed stomach and saw all of the absolute garbage that he (Korosensei) and an increasingly large number of clones of Corona-Chan(?) had both been filling it with.

“HEY! THAT’S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS EITHER, YOU FREAKING JERK!” Korosensei wildly flailed his arms all over the place and furiously yelled at Karma, causing jets of steam to rapidly shoot themselves out of said utterly red-faced octopus man’s ear holes as he did so.

“Also, you probably wouldn’t even be able to actually SEE any food being digested in my stomach under normal circumstances due to how downright-inhumanly fast my digestive system is SUPPOSED to be, but this new CoronaVirus of mine seems to have somehow found a way to hack into said now-human-like digestive system of mine and therefore reduce its efficiency to that of an ACTUAL normal human’s while also using my brain to ‘mind control’ me into starting yet another one of my typical ‘junk food’ binge-eating sessions, strongly suggesting that it rather-typically has the ability to clone itself...” Korosensei drummed his hands together and reluctantly explained while Nagisa and Karma began to look surprisingly frightened in response.

“Heh...no need to fear, Teach, because I’ve got JUST the cure for THAT!” Karma downright-evilily laughed as he suddenly reached into his suit pockets and then pulled out a positively HUGE and explicitly skull-and-crossbones-labeled bag of ‘ghost pepper’ seasoning and laxative powder from said pockets, extremely-obviously planning to pour quite-literally ALL of the contents of said bag

into Korosensei's stomach acid as he did so; needless to say, said octopus man was already also- quite-literally too frightened to even be able to speak.

"WAIT, Karma! Do we REALLY need to be THIS pointlessly cruel to Korosensei? Can't we just, you know, use NORMAL laxatives for this type of purpose?" Nagisa tightly grabbed Karma by the shoulders and then lovingly kissed him- I mean, increasingly-worriedly-and-frustratedly asked said utter lunatic while Korosensei tightly clutched his belly with his hands and exhaustedly groaned in pain.

"Meh...my laxatives are FAR more effective anyway!" Karma sadistically laughed, causing Nagisa to tightly cover his mouth with both of his hands and loudly yell "NO" in response as he (Karma) forcefully ripped his aforementioned "death bag" open and then ever-so-carelessly poured QUITE-literally every last bit of its contents directly into Korosensei's stomach acid, causing said acid to VERY intensely boil and slosh around (while the stomach that said acid was home to began VERY-loudly rumbling) as a result.

"OH, SWEET CHRIST; THE PAIN IS ABSOLUTELY UNBEARABLE! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!" Korosensei writhingly and cryingly shrieked in utter agony, immediately teleporting himself straight into the nearest forest for a good old-fashioned diarrhea dump as he did so.

"Man, I sure hope that none of my other current students see me doing this..." Korosensei humiliatedly groaned as he thoroughly exposed his new(?) buttocks and then rather-hastily readied himself to extremely-explosively defecate into an otherwise clean and extremely natural pool of water; meanwhile, the instantly-but-artificially-and-only-partially digested trash that had formerly been residing in his stomach was already inhumanly-rapidly making its way through his intestines as he spoke.

"OOHOOAHHHEHEHEHEEH! THIS IS SO MUCH FUN!" many of the Corona-Chan(?) clones that had previously been mucking about in Korosensei's stomach gleefully and nothing-but-bikini-wearingly laughed as they incredibly-foolishly used said octopus man's aforementioned intestines as a giant water slide, with his small intestine being an especially wild ride for them as they did so.

"GYAAAAAHHH!" Korosensei screamed so loudly that said scream ended up echoing across/around quite-literally the entire forest that he was in (causing Nagisa and Karma to both rather-childishly giggle at his expense in response) as he tree-shakingly-powerfully defecated into the aforementioned pool of water that he had been squatting next to, killing many of the fish that were in said pool of water in the process.

"Wow, what was with all of that utterly dreadful NOISE that Korosensei presumably just made?" Nagisa's and Karma's fellow E-Class-mates rather-curiously thought/wondered to themselves as they very-slowly and VERY-cautiously approached the pool of water that said octopus man had just incredibly-mightily pooped into (with Mr. Karasuma very-reluctantly following along behind them as they did so) as Korosensei mortifiedly teleported himself back to the Class 3-E building for some good old-fashioned butt-wiping.

"AIEEEEE!" Nagisa's and Karma's fellow E-Class-mates horrifiedly shrieked in disgust as they saw how completely brown and toxic-looking the water in said pool had been made by Korosensei's recent defecation into it; needless to say, even Mr. Karasuma himself looked downright horrified (not to mention utterly nauseated).

"For the love of CHRIST, you two; would it seriously have freaking KILLED you to clean out my digestive system in an at-least-SLIGHTLY less painful and humiliating way?" Korosensei furiously and increasingly-light-headedly scolded Nagisa and Karma as he used the abnormally huge stash of tissues in his desk drawers to wipe the poop stains off/out of his butt while said boys

alarmingly-rapidly flew their way up into his liver...in which, surely enough, the members of a rather-disturbingly large group of Corona-Chan(?) clones were all merrily and completely-nakedly bathing in the surprisingly-soothingly boiling and hot-tub-esque pool of blood within said liver (which was a pool that also contained an absolutely-ridiculously large amount of alcohol, judging by the rather-extremely questionable shape that said liver was in) while immensely-gratuitously showing off their rather-impressively bulbous boobs and their mouth-wateringly gorgeous black-toenailed feet in the process.

“Well, no...” Nagisa shrugged his shoulders and rather-embarrassedly sighed, clearly not wanting to admit how much the bodies of Corona-Chan’s(?) asexually self-produced clones were turning him on (or how much Karma’s personality was turning him on, for that matter) as he and Karma intently hovered directly above the aforementioned makeshift “swimming pool” in Korosensei’s liver.

“You know what? Maybe we should just have a grand old time with these sexy Chinese bitches, if ya know what I mean...HAHHH...” Karma droolingly and extremely-arousedly suggested to Nagisa, teasingly nudging said boy with his right elbow and acquiring yet another remarkably large stiffie as he did so as the two of them continued to intently hover directly above the aforementioned makeshift “swimming pool” in Korosensei’s liver.

“SCREW that, ya freaking PERV! It’s FLAME-THROWING time!” Nagisa shockingly-maniacally laughed as he suddenly yanked out a downright-freakishly large flame-thrower from one of his suit pockets (rather-understandably causing Karma to very-frightenedly flinch in surprise) and then immediately began using it to nearly-instantly cook the alcohol out of Korosensei’s liver blood while the Corona-Chan(?) clones that had formerly been bathing in said liver blood also-immediately ran/flew away screaming in response.

“Wow...and apparently, I’m supposed to be the psychopath here...” Karma rather-worriedly thought to himself as Nagisa impossibly-easily shoved his flame-thrower straight back into his suit pockets before then surprisingly-confidently crossing his arms over his chest and rather-arrogantly smirking in a way that clearly reminded Karma of himself far too much for comfort.

“For crying out loud, you two; how many freaking times am I going to have to tell you to be CAREFUL in there?! Oh, and as for YOU, Karma, do NOT even THINK about engaging in anything even RELATED to sexual intercourse with that virus and/OR any of its copies of itself! You ought to know by now that I can hear your thoughts just as clearly as your spoken words, mister!” Korosensei placed his hands onto his hips, regretfully shook his head back and forth, and rather-angrily-and-disgustedly lectured Nagisa and (especially) Karma as the two of them eye-rollingly and groaningly flew their way up into the “left” one of his rather-un-surprisingly huge and spacious lungs, in which they finally met the actual Corona-Chan (along with quite a few more of her almost-equally annoying lackeys).

“Greetings, my filthy Japanese friends! Tell me; how has life been TREATING the two of you lately? Because to be quite frank with you, I’ve never felt MORE alive! ERRHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!” the regally dressed and immensely Asian-looking (not to mention bat-winged and utterly beautiful-looking) Corona-Chan incredibly-smugly laughed at Nagisa’s and Karma’s expenses in a rather-cartoonishly thick Chinese accent as she and a rather-frighteningly large number of her almost-equally annoying clones of herself lazily-yet-seductively sat atop Korosensei’s quite literal respiratory branches and high-heel-danglingly crossed their also-dangling legs...while also smoking a disgustingly large number of cigarettes just for the purely sadistic pleasure that utterly ruining Korosensei’s body from the inside was clearly giving them. Meanwhile, needless to say, Korosensei had already almost-completely lost his ability to hide how increasingly bad of shape his lungs were in and was very-loudly coughing and wheezing as a

result.

“Hey, smoking’s BAD for you! You really shouldn’t do it, you know!” Nagisa placed his hands onto his hips and extremely-preachily scolded Corona-Chan, comically failing to realize what her actual reason for doing so in Korosensei’s lungs clearly was in the process as he and Karma hovered directly in front of said weirdly sexy virus/woman hybrid while thankfully having their own respiratory systems protected by an only-barely-effective-enough combination of their helmets’ visors and the “air filtration” function of the suits that said helmets belonged to as they did so.

“Okay, two things; firstly, smoking is actually fairly GOOD for the type of utterly disgusting creature that I am, and secondly, me and my clones are doing it in this man’s lungs because it damages THEM, ya FOOL!” Corona-Chan increasingly-frustratedly pointed out to Nagisa while Karma very-briefly but very-hatefully glared at said boy and very-irritatedly thought “yeah, you freaking idiot” to himself in response.

“GYAAAAAAH! I’LL FREAKING KILL YOU FOR WHAT YOU’VE BEEN DOING TO OUR TEACHER, YOU FREAKING SADISTIC WHORE!” Nagisa furiously screamed at Corona-Chan, pulling out an injector knife from his suit pockets and then far-too-eagerly readying himself to charge straight at her with said knife as he did so; luckily, however, Karma stuck his left arm straight out beside himself and used it to block Nagisa’s way JUST in time to prevent him from actually performing said charge.

“My, my; how ADORABLY courageous of you! I suppose that you also wouldn’t mind getting HIM incredibly-graphically killed from within by the razor-sharp and anti-Korosensei-DNA-infused fingernails that both me and quite-literally every single one of my Korosensei-dwelling clones of myself have in the process, WOULD you?” Corona-Chan insufferably-snidely-and-mockingly laughed at Nagisa’s expense, causing both him and Karma to rather-understandably shrink the pupils of their eyes to comically small sizes and utterly freeze in response (not to mention terror) while thankfully still flapping their suits’ wings in the process.

“Uhh...y-y-YEAH, w-we would, a-a-a-actually (gulp)...” Nagisa and Karma extremely-terrifiedly and intensely-tremblingly stammered as Corona-Chan and her formerly lung-dwelling cohorts laughingly discarded their cigarette butts onto the increasingly withered and gross-looking floor of Korosensei’s left lung so that they could then proceed to fly straight back out of said octopus man’s lungs and then presumably fly straight up into his immensely powerful yet almost-completely defenseless brain for their grand finale (their coup-de-grace, if you will).

“Alright, Karma; go ahead and clean Korosensei’s right lung, and I’ll clean this one!” Nagisa surprisingly-bravely commanded Karma as the two of them each pulled out exactly one blatant ripoff of the Proton Packs from the Ghostbusters franchise from their suit pockets before then immediately strapping said packs onto their backs and using the guns that were attached to said packs to spray absolutely MASSIVE amounts of air freshener into Korosensei’s lungs...which rather-surprisingly ended up HEALING said lungs rather than utterly destroying them.

“Ahh...what a truly irresistible breath of FRESH AIR this method of teaching Nagisa and Karma about human anatomy is!” Korosensei incredibly-cornily joked as said boys understandably-hastily stuffed their Air Freshener Packs back into their suit pockets before then tightly zipping said pockets shut and taking a brief and surprisingly possible detour into said octopus man’s amazingly big and increasingly-rapidly beating heart...which, surely enough, several more of Corona-Chan’s clones of herself were nothing-but-bikini-wearingly yet thankfully-glove-wearingly (ahem) attacking from within as they very-unwelcomely swam around in it.

“Holy CRAP; these girls are going to quite-literally give Korosensei a HEART ATTACK!” Nagisa loudly gasped and exclaimed in shock, tightly covering his mouth with both of his hands as he did so while Korosensei rather-annoyedly crossed his arms over his chest and surprisingly-nonchalantly muttered “the exact same thing could rather-easily be said about you and Karma, you know” to himself in response.

“Gee, ya THINK?!” Karma threw his arms out beside himself and infuriatedly yelled at Nagisa (causing said boy to very-startledly flinch in response) as Corona-Chan’s lesser(?) copies of herself slowly but surely began accelerating Korosensei’s heart rate considerably beyond what his actual heart was reasonably capable of with his body being in the type of state that they and their master had been causing his body to be in...and also did so in a rather-weirdly seductive manner, might I add.

“Yeah, COME on, baby...BEAT for me, darling...” many of the Corona-Chan clones in Korosensei’s heart began passionately moaning in rather-disturbingly perfect unison as they gently yet intensely-erotically rubbed their practically naked bodies against the inner walls of said heart, partially causing the poor little thing to beat far too quickly for its own good and also skip increasingly numerous beats.

“Oh, my ever-loving GOD...I can literally FEEL how many incredibly hot Chinese girls are quite-literally inside me right now...” Korosensei pink-facedly and droolingly moaned, becoming intensely aroused in the process while Nagisa and Karma merely cocked their eyebrows at said QUITE-literally heart-stimulating girls in utter confusion and rather-understandably went “EWW”.

“Yeah, TASTE the fat and cholesterol, bitch...” the rest of the Corona-Chan clones in Korosensei’s heart “lovingly” moaned as they slowly-but-surely began completely clogging said heart’s arteries with (quite-literally all of) the remarkably unhealthy contents of frightfully numerous butter sticks that they had somehow caused to appear out of QUITE-literally nowhere using “cellular construction”.

“Hmm...well, I must say, THIS teacher’s heart sure does seem to be far beyond save-ability...” Karma sarcastically and winkingly told Nagisa (loudly enough for literally everyone around the two of them to hear, might I add) while Korosensei increasingly-impatiently crossed his arms over his chest and rather-irritatedly grumbled “that’s not even a real freaking WORD” in response.

“...so why not try engaging in a nice and comforting little ‘heart-to-heart’ conversation with me while you still have this hideously-yet-beautifully symbolic chance to do so?” Karma seductively asked Nagisa while said boy intensely-smilingly-and-blushingly nodded his head as if to say “yes” in response.

“OHH, KARMA...you’re SUCH a BEAUTIFUL ray of SUNSHINE in my rapidly darkening world...even though I might not always show it, I love you intensely enough to quite-easily make even God himself feel jealous, and that’s a biblical FACT...” Nagisa began intentionally-cornily moaning and squeaking as he and Karma lovingly(?) cuddled each other while the Corona-Chan clones in Korosensei’s heart confusedly and somewhat-nauseatedly glared at the two of them in response.

“Nagisa, let me tell you how much I’ve learned to LOVE you since I began to live...even if the Sun shone brightly and beautifully enough to make literally every last flower on this entire planet instantaneously spring into full bloom, the astonishingly high level of solar luminosity in question still would not even equal one one-BILLIONTH of the LOVE that I feel for you at this micro-instant...” Karma began intentionally-tingle-inducingly moaning and squeaking as he gently cradled Nagisa in his arms as if said boy was his quite literal baby.

“BLECH! How freaking mushy can those two GET?!” the Corona-Chan clones in Korosensei’s heart disgustedly groaned, very-quickly and rather-green-facedly flying back out of said heart in order to escape from Nagisa and Karma before said boys’ downright-unbelievably sappy love for each other could cause them to quite-literally vomit and pass out from how utterly sickening it was.

“Well, as long as those two didn’t have heart-to-heart SEX in my heart, I suppose that I can tolerate the quite-frankly-unbearably over-dramatic and predictable things that they just said to each other...” Korosensei rather-impressively-patiently stood behind his desk and extremely-embarrassedly thought to himself as Nagisa and Karma finally flew straight back up his throat and into his mouth, in which Corona-Chan and quite a few of her basically identical cohorts had been far-too-eagerly waiting for the two of them atop his abhorrently filthy and increasingly white-looking tongue.

“MAN...thank GOD for these new GAS MASKS of ours...” Nagisa and Karma increasingly-revotedly thought to themselves as they saw the sheer amount of blatantly rotten food, literally pure sugar, actual feces and quite-thoroughly used chewing gum that Corona-Chan and her fellow Corona-Chans had clearly been smearing all over both Korosensei’s tongue and the backs of said octopus man’s teeth during the absence of said boys.

“Alright, boys; I’ve been waiting VERY patiently for the two of you to finally arrive here, but to be quite honest with you, your time was already up a LONG time ago! HYOHOOHOOHOO!” Corona-Chan downright-diabolically laughed as she “cellularly constructed” a rather-cartoonishly huge anti-Korosensei sledgehammer out of thin air and then used said sledgehammer to downright-brutally knock one of Korosensei’s teeth out in one ludicrously forceful blow.

“YOWWW-ZERS!” Korosensei dramatically leaned backward, tightly clutched his head with his hands and cryingly shrieked in pain as Corona-Chan and her fellow Corona-Chans horrifyingly-excitedly flew straight out of Korosensei’s head through the “missing tooth” hole that they had just made in said octopus man’s mouth before then immediately flying straight back into said octopus man’s head through his right ear hole.

“Alright, Korosensei; we’re heading into your brain now, so please be prepared...also, just for the record, we REALLY don’t have time to clean your mouth right now, so PLEASE remember to extremely-thoroughly brush your teeth and tongue once this mission is over!” Nagisa increasingly-worriedly informed (and commanded) Korosensei as he (Nagisa) and Karma used their own (suit-provided) wings to follow Corona-Chan and her cohorts into said octopus man’s aforementioned right ear hole while the tooth that Corona-Chan had just knocked out of his mouth inexplicably regenerated itself behind them.

“Well, go ahead and do what you have to, but PLEASE be careful with the extremely fragile and sensitive inner workings of my auditor- EEEEEEE!” Korosensei amazingly-calmly began explaining to Nagisa and Karma as the two of them somewhat-reluctantly entered his nauseatingly hairy and waxy right ear canal...then suddenly shrieked in downright-unbearably intense pain as Corona-Chan used her aforementioned anti-Korosensei sledgehammer to pound an absolutely massive hole right through said octopus man’s right eardrum (also in one blow) before then stuffing said hammer into the quite literal HammerSpace between her boobs and (ahem) heading straight through said hole and therefore directly into said octopus man’s right inner ear (which, surely enough, was basically yet ANOTHER water slide, except for the fact that it was powered by air rather than water) while her clones of herself simply (not to mention literally) teleported themselves straight past said inner ear and therefore ironically reached said octopus man’s brain considerably more quickly than said inner ear had allowed their also-capable-of-quite-literal-teleportation master to.

“Well, here goes nothing!” Karma shrugged his shoulders and rather-worriedly chuckled to himself, causing Nagisa to quite-nervously-smilingly nod his head in agreement as the two of them (after following Corona-Chan and her cohorts through the positively gaping hole that she had indeed made in Korosensei’s right eardrum, which was a hole that also-inexplicably disappeared shortly afterward) jumped straight into the utterly nonsensical series of pneumatic tubes that Korosensei’s right inner ear rather-interestingly was and were therefore sucked “straight” through said pneumatic tube series and into said octopus man’s freakishly large and powerful brain!

“COWABUNGA!” Karma incredibly-awkwardly yelled as he and Nagisa finally got shot out of the “exit” end of Korosensei’s right inner ear (through a secret hatch that automatically closed itself almost-immediately afterward) and landed face-first (well, technically visor-first) on the internal floor of said octopus man’s expectedly colossal and partially mechanical brain (right below his auditory cortex, to be exact) with not one but two nice big SPLAT sound effects.

“UGGGH...you wanna know something, Karma? Korosensei REALLY doesn’t pay us enough for this crap, let me tell you...” Nagisa nauseatedly groaned as he and Karma exhaustedly scraped themselves off of the internal floor of Korosensei’s rather-weirdly hollow brain and got back up onto their feet, incredulously gazing upon the beautifully complex AND absolutely gigantic network of neuron wires that said brain was being held together by as they did so.

“He doesn’t even pay us at ALL most of the time, you freaking dumb-arse! Sometimes, I honestly wonder how the freaking fat bastard is even able to AFFORD the amount of freaking worthless junk food that he eats!” Karma threw his arms out beside himself and utterly-infuriatedly began ranting at Nagisa after the two of them had finally finished dusting themselves off with their hands.

“HEY! I freaking HEARD that, mister! I’ll have you know that you just earned yourself QUITE a bit of extra homework, young man!” Korosensei rather-angrily scolded Karma, causing said boy to immediately and extremely-startledly freeze and become totally silent as said octopus man’s voice incredibly-loudly-and-intimidatingly echoed directly into said octopus man’s brain through both of the ear canals that said octopus man’s brain was connected to.

“HA! Extra homework? SERIOUSLY? Let me tell YOU something, Mr. Smarty Pants; extra homework is an absolute BLESSING when compared to what I’ve been planning for YOU!” Corona-Chan smirkingly and extremely-mockingly informed Korosensei using the rather-surprisingly usable-without-logging-in “Communication With Brain’s Owner” microphone that was incredibly-conveniently located right in front of the clearly log-in-screen-displaying Central Nervous Super-Computer in his frontal lobe while an entire (ahem) miniature army of Corona-Chan’s numerous clones of herself increasingly-excitedly stood behind her in a rather-remarkably military-esque formation, with said army’s members extremely-anxiously waiting for Corona-Chan herself to permit them to COMPLETELY rip Korosensei’s brain apart from the inside with their anti-Korosensei-fingernailed bare hands as they did so.

“Oh, puh-LEEZE; what sort of non-preventable-by-my-extremely-blatant-plot-armor way could you POSSIBLY hope to kill me in? Go on; TELL me, you utterly conceited drama queen!” Korosensei ever-so-smugly crossed his arms over his chest and rather-arrogantly teased Corona-Chan (making himself look as if he was talking to himself in the process, naturally enough) while Nagisa and Karma (not to mention Corona-Chan herself) rather-awkwardly giggled and thought “wow; look who’s talking” and the like to themselves in response, causing Korosensei to exasperatedly shrug his shoulders and somewhat-loudly groan “fair enough” in response to said thoughts.

“Oh, I’M sorry; I don’t think that I HEARD you correctly with your WORDS echoing around so much in this comically over-sized and utterly empty HEAD of yours! Let me get this straight,

PAL; you're telling me that me and my entire personal ARMY of equally anti-you-fingernailed clones of myself somehow AREN'T going to be able to find a way to kill you FROM THE FREAKING INSIDE if/when you pretty-much-inevitably decide that you're too freaking 'high and mighty' to properly comply with my orders? Is THAT right, Mister Invincible?" Corona-Chan droolingly-and-fish-eyedly-sadistically teased Korosensei, repeatedly touching her mouth with her left hand while also equally-repeatedly digging into her vagina with her right hand until she downright-repulsively had an actual (not to mention absolutely freaking HUGE) orgasm from the sheer amount of dominance that she was rather-ironically asserting over said octopus man (despite being who-knows-how-many times smaller than said octopus man) in the process.

"Yes...yes, that's right...I suppose..." Korosensei shook his head back and forth and listlessly sighed while Nagisa and Karma immensely-disgustedly watched Corona-Chan publicly eat her own freshly expelled ejaculatory fluid right off of her bare hands (and feet) due to how utterly narcissistic she was.

"Well, just so you know, allow me to properly tell you how utterly screwed you are right now." Corona-Chan licked her lips, slipped her high heels back on, and then surprisingly-serious-soundingly began explaining to Korosensei while Nagisa and Karma reluctantly and extremely-cautiously approached her and her not-actually-very-thoroughly master-guarding wall of cohorts (by slowly walking toward her, of course) so that they (Nagisa and Karma) would be able to hear her words more clearly.

"To give you a more-or-less-exact number, I basically have FIFTEEN clones of myself accompanying me in this remarkably warm and cozy brain of yours as we speak to each other; due to the rather-ironically named 'distress' signal that I've just sent to all of my other your-body-occupying clones of myself using my psychic links to them, all eighty-five of THEM are also already making their way through your nostrils and ear canals and therefore into this aforementioned brain of yours as we speak to each other. I might as well LITERALLY be writing a book called 'Killing You From The Inside 101', with you serving as the main subject matter of the image on said book's front cover." Corona-Chan incredibly-long-windedly but rather-admirably-informatively explained to Korosensei, causing said octopus man to look as if he was about to have an actual heart attack from how utterly horrified he was becoming while Nagisa and Karma looked as if their souls were about to literally leave their bodies due to how scared THEY quite-frankly were.

AN INCREDIBLY AND DOWNRIGHT-HORRIFYINGLY SHORT AMOUNT OF TIME
LATER...

"Alright, Korosensei; as we speak to each other, quite-literally ALL of my exactly one hundred clones of myself have already firmly, bare-handedly and razor-sharp-anti-Korosensei-fingernail-havingly positioned themselves right next to the walls and ceiling of your precious little brain's astonishingly spacious and technologically advanced interior using their 'flight' and 'teleportation' abilities that I rather-obviously also have. Let me tell you something VERY important, buddy; you'd BETTER not even TRY to disobey the next order that I give you, or else...well, to put it quite simply, YOU WILL ALREADY BE DEAD." Corona-Chan finally finished explaining to Korosensei, briefly stopping to (rather-ironically) catch her breath after doing so.

"NANI?!" Korosensei tightly covered his utterly reeking mouth with his hands and loudly shrieked in absolutely unbearable terror as Nagisa and Karma finally decided that they had officially had enough of Corona-Chan's absolutely insufferable arrogance (not to mention her COMPLETELY shameless sadism) once and for all.

"You know what? I've got a MUCH better idea; since these minions of yours are apparently so

mindlessly devoted to doing whatever you want/tell them to do, and you also are SUCH a downright-insultingly blatant living stereotype caricature of rich and spoiled Chinese people, let's FIGHT in order to determine whether or not Korosensei gets his brain horrifically ripped into bloody and gory shreds from the inside by you and your aforementioned minions, SHALL we? Me and Nagisa versus you! A two-on-one Good Versus Evil battle on which the fate of our ENTIRE FREAKING WORLD depends! You're powerful enough to handle something like THAT, right?" Karma incredibly-bravely approached Corona-Chan (with Nagisa somewhat-reluctantly following along behind him as he did so) and then almost-boilingly-angrily suggested to her, causing her to uproariously, belly-clutchingly and extremely-annoyingly laugh at his and Nagisa's expenses in response.

"HYAHHAHAHAHAH! Let me tell YOU something, boy; you might be extremely good at stabbing people in their backs, but when it comes to actually FIGHTING people head-on, you don't even know the freaking HALF of how downright-PITIFULLY outmatched you and that utterly effeminate little 'butt buddy' of yours both CLEARLY are when compared to someone like ME!" Corona-Chan maniacally laughed and increasingly-hatefully sneered before then proceeding to ludicrously-quickly-and-forcefully grab Karma with not one but two of her rather-eerily familiar-looking hair tentacles and then use said pair of hair tentacles to throw him all the way from Korosensei's frontal lobe into Korosensei's occipital lobe, causing said octopus man's eyes to rather-awkwardly twitch several times in response as said boy's body also-extremely-forcefully hit the internal wall of said lobe.

"Alright, Korosensei, here's the deal; while Corona-Chan is busy not being able to figure out the fact that these suits of ours DO, in fact, appear to be virtually indestructible, would you mind telling me what your Central Nervous Super-Computer's password is so that I can perhaps use said computer to save your life if/when all else fails?" Nagisa extremely-quietly but extremely-worriedly asked Korosensei using said octopus man's aforementioned "Communication With Brain's Owner" microphone; amazingly enough, said octopus man told Nagisa the answer to said question (password; his password, believe it or not, was quite-literally the word "password", which was something that Corona-Chan already knew but had purposefully kept hidden from Nagisa and Karma) with his mind, with Corona-Chan already being far too busy fruitlessly trying to cut a dual-injector-knife-wielding and Superman-suited Karma into pieces with her suddenly Wolverine-claw-sized fingernails to actually be able to read said mind as its owner did so.

"Come on, Corona-BITCH; is this SERIOUSLY the best you can do? My freaking MOTHER hits me harder than you do!" Karma incredibly-smugly teased Corona-Chan (with whom he was now locked in amazingly intense one-on-one aerial combat) as he repeatedly attempted to stab her right in her forehead (and her chest, and her vagina, and her arms, and her legs, and the sides of her torso) with his injector knives, with her inexplicably-effortlessly dodging every single one of said attempts as he did so.

"Hmph...let's see how ironically confident you and Nagisa remain about being able to stop me FROM dying after I disable the Nigh-Invulnerability feature of those precious little SUITS of yourse, shall we?" Korosensei rather-horrifyingly teased Karma and Nagisa out loud as he used his psychic links to said boys' suits to finally turn their 'virtual indestructible-ness' feature off for a change.

"Oh, we're freaking CONFIDENT, all right!" Karma and Nagisa increasingly-angrily and amazingly-valorously yelled (with quite a bit of Nagisa's anger ironically stemming from how utterly asinine of a "brain password" Korosensei had) as they suddenly joined together into an aerial "behind Corona-Chan (Nagisa) and in front of Corona-Chan (Karma)" formation and then immediately began (almost-but-not-quite) attacking Corona-Chan from both sides with the injector knives that they had also-suddenly decided to BOTH be dual-wielding, with her somehow

managing to effortlessly and very-completely dodge quite-literally every single one of their attacks yet again as they did so.

“TASTE the wrath of a TRUE ruler, you utterly pathetic little fuerdai BRATS!” Corona-Chan hatefully sneered at Karma and Nagisa as she ferociously and repeatedly slashed at both of said boys using her downright-absurdly sharp finger claws (which were thankfully not quite able to cut absurdly durable materials such as the ones that the external parts of said boys’ injector knives were made out of...but also WERE unfortunately able to instantly re-grow themselves whenever they got cut/trimmed BY metal and the like), with said boys luckily just-BARELY managing to dodge and block her attacks competently enough to survive said onslaught with barely any actually significant scratches being left on their no-longer-nigh-invulnerable-but-still-extremely-tough suits in the process as she did so...a rather considerable “few” of Korosensei’s neural wires, however, had unfortunately NOT been quite as lucky, to say the least.

“Boy, Class 3-E sure does make a perfect meat substitute for undershorts...” Korosensei utterly-nonsensically (not to mention cross-eyedly, dizzily, and droolingly) rambled to himself as his recently cut/damaged neural wires thankfully began regenerating themselves back into their normal condition.

“Hey, Karma; what’s a fuerdai?” Nagisa rather-curiously asked Karma while the two of them were busy dodging and blocking even more of Corona-Chan’s incredibly relentless attempts to chop both of them into pieces with her finger claws, getting a rather-worryingly large number of claw marks slashed onto the fronts of their suits and accidentally giving Korosensei even more brain damage (to the point where they quite-nearly ended up causing him to faint, in fact) in the process.

“Basically what THIS spoiled-rotten queen of all bitches happens to be, actually!” Karma increasingly-furiously sneered as he and Nagisa made several more utterly futile attempts to stab Corona-Chan with their injector knives, with quite-literally every single one of said attempts being deftly countered by yet another one of Corona-Chan’s “tentacle hair whip” attacks as they did so; luckily, Nagisa and Karma were somehow able to just-BARELY dodge the first six or so of said attacks, but then Nagisa suddenly ran out of energy at the absolute WORST possible moment and therefore got hit right in the stomach (by one of Corona-Chan’s hair tentacles) so brutally hard that said impact sent him flying all the way from the back of Korosensei’s parietal lobe into the front of Korosensei’s frontal lobe (luckily, however, Nagisa incredibly-skillfully and surprisingly-successfully made sure to NOT accidentally stab Korosensei’s brain and/or himself with his knives as part of his landing).

“DURR...I think I’ll blow up the Earth tomorrow! DUH HUH HUH!” Korosensei fish-eyedly and droolingly rambled and laughed, clumsily and dizzily stumbling back and forth as he did so; meanwhile, Nagisa exhaustedly, face-downly and almost-deadly collapsed onto the internal floor of said octopus man’s poor, POOR brain (while rather-amazingly STILL very-tightly holding on to the exact same pair of injector knives with which he had just attempted to kill Corona-Chan as he did so, no less), with both him and his severely damaged suit only-barely still being functional in the process as Karma was incredibly-tightly-and-fiercely grabbed by one of Corona-Chan’s hair tentacles yet again.

“Let’s see how YOU like getting a taste of THIS medicine, SHALL we?” Corona-Chan hatefully sneered as she used the hair tentacle (of hers) that she had just grabbed Karma with to downright-mercilessly slam said boy against no less than three of Korosensei’s neural nodes, severely agitating the node in question and therefore causing it to self-defensively release JUST enough electrical energy to actually penetrate Karma’s suit and therefore extremely-painfully, skeleton-revealingly and hair-ruiningly electrocute the poor guy with each one of said slams (needless to say, he dropped both of the injector knives that he had been carrying in his hands onto the floor of

Korosensei's temporal lobe in the process; also, Corona-Chan got electrically shocked as well but was too ridiculously powerful for said shocks to even affect her).

"Absolutely EVERYTHING out-of-the-ordinary ISN'T happening tonight, I THOMAS!"

Korosensei very-dizzily and VERY-exhaustedly explained to Mr. Karasuma using his (Korosensei's) cell phone before then immediately hanging up on him; needless to say, Mr. Karasuma had officially had FAR more than enough of said octopus man's utter incompetence and therefore ended up having to rather-prematurely end the mid-day (12:00 PM) pizza party that he had arranged for literally all of Class 3-E's other students in the main building of the Kunugigaoka Junior High School campus on which Korosensei's "Old Campus" building was located just so that he could have (basically an entire classroom's worth of) extra bodyguards for the rather-extremely dangerous task that having to check on the poor tentacle-limbed and (AHEM) yellow-skinned bastard in order to make sure that he hadn't gotten himself into TOO much trouble quite-frankly was.

"Any last WORDS before I kill both you and your wimpy little boyfriend and then order my personal army of clones of myself to utterly RIP AND TEAR Korosensei's brain into pitiful little shreds, SWEETIE?" Corona-Chan finally returned her fingernails to their normal lengths and sarcasm-drippingly asked Karma after absolutely-brutally throwing him straight down onto the internal floor of Korosensei's temporal lobe with not one but two of her hair tentacles (and therefore causing said octopus man to quite-nearly forget about the fact that Karma and Nagisa had ever even entered the inner workings of his body in the first place).

"Can...can I please show you how much I secretly LOVE you first, honey?" Karma incredibly-weakly crawled his way toward Corona-Chan (who was rather-impatiently sitting in a "criss-cross applesauce" position and waiting for said boy on the internal floor of Korosensei's occipital lobe) on his hands and knees and then utterly-exhaustedly asked her, opening his suit's heavily cracked visor and then rather-foolishly removing said suit altogether as he did so; disturbingly enough, Corona-Chan actually said "yes" despite Karma being a junior high school student.

"Sure, big boy; why don't you start by licking my irresistibly pungent feet like the utterly repulsive Japanese DOG that you are, you miserable little 'wannabe tough guy' FAGGOT?" Corona-Chan (after extending her legs directly toward Karma) very-seductively crossed her left leg over her right leg and surprisingly-playfully teased Karma as she remarkably-gracefully pulled her high heels (which, for some reason, seemed to be more-or-less-completely incapable of naturally falling off of her feet) right off with her delightfully (not to mention rather-fittingly) slender and devious hands to reveal quite-possibly THE most mouth-wateringly gorgeous pair of soles that said boy had EVER seen; surely enough, she was incredibly-foolishly facing directly toward the internal back wall of Korosensei's brain as she did so (again, his Central Nervous Super-Computer was in its internal front wall).

"Oh, you'd better freaking BELIEVE that I will, honey..." Karma extremely-arousedly moaned as he began thoroughly licking the delectably soft and smooth soles of Corona-Chan's nosebleed-inducingly sexy and stinky feet while Nagisa also-incredibly-weakly got back up onto his feet and then (after very-carefully-and-quietly re-inserting the injector knives that he had been carrying in his hands into his suit pockets) zombie-esquely shambled his way over to Korosensei's Central Nervous Super-Computer so that he could infuriatingly-easily log himself into said computer for some good old-fashioned security system activating; needless to say, Corona-Chan's minions were indeed so mindlessly devoted to exactly following her orders that they didn't even really notice, let alone care about, the fact that Nagisa had indeed gotten back up.

"Oh, MAN...I don't even CARE if it makes me sick...this is just SO freaking 'worth it'..." Karma over-joyedly moaned with increasingly (not to mention EXTREMELY-disturbingly) genuine

pleasure as he rather-impressively-effectively kept Corona-Chan JUST distracted enough for her to somehow not be able to notice what Nagisa was doing by astonishingly-passionately sucking on her adorably black-toenailed and astonishingly sexy toes with his immensely hungry and intensely drooling mouth; meanwhile, Nagisa was already busy incredibly-silently emptying the contents of his surprisingly numerous injector knives (all ten of which rather-worryingly emptied out quite-literally ALL of their contents as soon as they were sufficiently-forcefully pressed against/into something and/or someone) into the ludicrously-conveniently existent pesticide tank right next to Korosensei's Central Nervous Super-Computer (before then putting said knives straight back into his suit pockets, of course).

"I sure do hope that you're READY for this, my adorably pathetic little foot slave!" Corona-Chan sadistically laughed as she extremely-forcefully pressed the sole of her right foot against the increasingly erect penis that had formerly been hidden beneath the face-up-lying Karma's pants and underwear and then amazingly-smoothly stroked said penis several times using said foot.

"Oh, believe me; I'm freaking READY, you utterly disgusting and hateful BITCH..." Nagisa seethingly muttered to himself as he impossibly-silently clicked his way into the Security Systems section of Korosensei's Control Panel, followed by the Pesticide Sprayer sub-section of said section; needless to say, Corona-Chan PROBABLY wasn't going to be remaining alive for very long.

"OH, THAT FEELS SO GOOD...OHH...OHHHH...OHHHHHH, YEAAAAAAH!" Karma orgasmically (not to mention extremely-loudly-and-embarrassingly) moaned as Corona-Chan tightly gripped his rock-hard penis using both of her feet (particularly the toes of said feet) and then increasingly-vigorously pumped it up and down until, surely enough, it made an absolutely HUGE mess (squirted a positively heaping load of gooey and sticky cum) ALL over said feet (especially the soles of said feet) and quite-nearly caused HIM to utterly pass out (from how downright-unbelievably intense of an orgasm he had just experienced) in response.

"Come on, big boy...pass out...pass out...PASS OUT..." Corona-Chan very-intently stared at the only-barely-still-conscious Karma and increasingly-anxiously began begging him, vigorously rubbing her thoroughly cum-covered feet against each other so that they would become upgraded into even-more-thoroughly cum-SMEARED feet as she did so while Nagisa suddenly activated the ludicrously enormous Pesticide Sprayer in the internal ceiling of Korosensei's brain JUST in time to thankfully prevent Corona-Chan from actually being able to have any more of her utterly-despicably selfish wishes granted (rather-surprisingly including getting to lick Karma's semen off of her own bare feet, due to how much she quite-frankly enjoyed the uniquely disgusting feeling of it being on them).

"NO...OH, DEAR GOD, PLEASE, NO...WHAT IS THIS?! I'M DYING! I'M DYING! Oh, what a world; what a world...who would have thought that a girly little boy like Nagisa could destroy my beautifully offensive stereotypical Chinese-ness...I freaking KNEW that I should have watched where I was going...what an absolute FOOL I am..." Corona-Chan exhaustedly collapsed onto her hands and knees and began quite-literally-dyingly crying and moaning while her literally one hundred clones of herself immediately began falling straight down onto literally every single part of the internal floor of Korosensei's brain EXCEPT for the part of said floor that Corona-Chan and Karma were on (mostly as their way of protecting Corona-Chan) and were basically sent into comas from the mere presence of anti-CoronaVirus medicine in the air within said brain.

"Blue-Haired Boy, I SINCERELY promise (cough)...in the name of literally EVERYTHING (choke)...that my BEAUTIFUL home country (air-pollution-induced wheeze) stands for...that you and your red-headed friend WILL (gasp) pay for the absolutely UNACCEPTABLE insolence (gag)...that the two of you have just BRAZENLY displayed in MY (cough) throne room..."

Corona-Chan unbelievably-weakly growled at Nagisa, finally turning around to face Korosensei's frontal lobe in the process as Nagisa immediately grabbed a certain very-recently dropped pair of Karma's injector knives off of the internal floor of said octopus man's temporal lobe and then frantically (not to mention dual-wieldingly and Corona-Chan-clone-dodgingly) charged straight at Corona-Chan in order to finally deliver his coup-de-grace to her once and for all.

"OOOGH..." Korosensei very-tightly clutched his increasingly-intensely aching head with his hands and extremely-dizzily (not to mention swirly-eyedly) swayed back and forth as the bodies of Corona-Chan's clones of herself surprisingly-forcefully rained down onto the internal floor of his brain, "accidentally" poking said floor with their fingernails (and therefore causing his body to rather-awkwardly twitch in response) numerous times in the process.

"WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YA F- OOOOOOH!" Corona-Chan incredibly-scornfully and downright-ridiculously-hypocritically began yelling at Nagisa (before then VERY-loudly screaming in agony) as said boy suddenly ran halfway around and therefore completely behind her (in order to avoid getting slashed by her finger claws, of course) before then absolutely-furiously driving both of his new injector knives straight into said absolute monster's back while said back was still turned (and also duly and immensely-disgustedly noting the extremely large amount of Karma's semen that her feet appeared to be utterly soaked with as he did so).

"Truly, the hardest choices require the strongest wills." Nagisa tiredly-but-triumphantly sighed as Corona-Chan immensely-satisfyingly crumbled into quite literal dust while her clones of herself remained completely unconscious on the internal floor of Korosensei's poor, POOR brain.

"Man, you sure can say THAT again..." Karma immensely-exhaustedly groaned as he finally got back up onto his feet and then also-finally re-suited himself (not to mention re-pocketed the thoroughly emptied injector knives with which Nagisa had just killed Corona-Chan), seriously hoping that Corona-Chan's rather-alarmingly recent and VERY-alarmingly intense stimulation of his penis hadn't given him yet another case of the disease that she represented as he did so.

"Come on, partner; there's still one more thing that we need to do in order to finally get rid of Korosensei's illness for good..." Nagisa also-exhaustedly reminded Karma as the two of them surprisingly-quickly walked back into Korosensei's frontal lobe for some good old-fashioned pesticide amplification.

ONE EXTREMELY THOROUGH EMPTYING OF LITERALLY ALL OF THE MEDICINAL CONTENTS OF ALL EIGHT OF KARMA'S REMAINING INJECTOR KNIVES INTO KORONSENSEI'S BRAIN'S PESTICIDE TANK LATER...

"Hasta la vista, BITCHES!" Karma (whose suit pockets, just like Nagisa's, now contained no less than ten utterly empty injector knives that rather-ironically were no longer able to actually be used for their intended purpose) triumphantly and double-middle-finger-shootingly laughed (causing Nagisa to cross his arms over his chest and very-agreeingly nod his head in response) as the exactly one hundred Corona Clones that Corona-Chan had downright-foolishly gathered every single one of together in Korosensei's brain were almost-instantly vaporized by the suddenly quite-massively intensified cloud of medicine gas that Karma had just commanded said octopus man's aforementioned Pesticide Sprayer to continue spraying all over the inside of said brain.

"Alright; now we just need to tell Korosensei about how great of a job we've done in here! If you ask me, Karma, that sounds like a job for...his CWBO microphone!" Nagisa beyond-relievedly laughed as he and Karma immediately ran straight back over to Korosensei's Central Nervous Super-Computer in order to communicate with him.

"Umm....BOYS? You DO know that I can already hear you two mucking about in my head

anyway, right?" Korosensei pointed one of his right index fingers straight up into the air and rather-confusedly pointed out, causing Nagisa and Karma to go "oh, who freaking CARES" in response as the blue-haired one of said boys weirdly-excitedly readied himself to begin speaking into said octopus man's aforementioned CWBO microphone as if he was a news reporter.

"Korosensei, I've got both good news and bad news; which of said news types would you prefer for me to start with, pardon my asking?" Nagisa somewhat-nervously informed/asked Korosensei using his CWBO microphone, extremely-desperately hoping that said octopus man wouldn't be extremely angry at him and Karma due to how much (thankfully nearly-instantly self-repaired) brain damage the two of them had (mostly) accidentally caused him to experience during their (seemingly un-winnable) battle against Corona-Chan as he did so.

"The GOOD news, please and thank you." Korosensei shrugged his shoulders and exhaustedly groaned as he incredibly-persistently continued standing up (freakishly) straight behind his desk.

"WELL...luckily enough, me and Karma actually DID, in fact, manage to utterly eradicate both Corona-Chan AND all of her downright-disturbingly exact clones of herself from your body..." Nagisa somewhat-reluctantly-and-nervously began explaining to Korosensei, thankfully using the "Full-Body Virus Scan" program in said octopus man's Central Nervous Super-Computer to thoroughly make sure (not to mention shockingly find out) that he was indeed entirely correct about said statement as he did so.

"PHEW..." Korosensei wiped the fear-induced sweat off of his forehead with one of his left arms and immensely-relievedly sighed as the show suddenly zoomed straight back into said forehead (and, of course, the brain within it).

"Oh, and also, I've rather-thoroughly proven myself to be the 'brains' to Karma's 'brawn' yet again, just so you know!" Nagisa rather-arrogantly laughed, extremely-severely pissing Karma off in the process.

"HEY, SHUT THE FREAKING HELL UP, YOU LITTLE BITCH!" Karma downright-furiously yelled at Nagisa, shoving said boy (an incredibly long distance) out of his way with both of his arms in the process and therefore causing yet another hilariously loud and random "screaming cat" sound effect to suddenly play as said boy was incredibly-cartoonishly sent flying off of the screen.

"I'll have you know that I'M the REAL brains of THIS outfit, PAL!" Karma rather-forcefully grabbed Korosensei's CWBO microphone and then incredibly-petulantly yelled at said octopus man through it while Nagisa cartoonishly-dizzily sat on the internal floor of said octopus man's brain with rotating-around-in-circles eyes and a rather-distinctly orbiting-star-surrounded head.

"Ehh...to be honest, not REALLY; in fact, I've been increasingly-rapidly starting to realize that over the course of your recent weeks in Class 3-E, you quite-frankly have been taking awfully excessive advantage of my good nature and have NOT been giving me and Nagisa the respect that we rather-clearly deserve...oh, and by the way, that's not even mentioning how ridiculously stupid you treat your OTHER fellow students as if they are." Korosensei remarkably-irritatedly crossed his arms over his chest and began rather-sterly lecturing Karma, causing said boy to quite-frustratedly-and-Korosensei-amusingly roll his eyes and mutter "here we go again" to himself in response.

"However, I digress; before we can discuss said subject further, I would very-seriously like to know what the BAD news about the otherwise basically perfect outcome of this mission happens to be. Let me guess; it has something to do with HOW the two of you managed to defeat the CoronaVirus within me?" Korosensei very-anxiously asked Karma while Nagisa rather-loudly-stompingly walked straight back over to said boy and then VERY-forcefully (not to mention

startlingly) snatched said octopus man's CWBO right out of said boy's hands.

"WELL...how exactly SHOULD I explain something that is THIS utterly depraved and humiliating, I wonder?" Nagisa nearly-indescribably-disgustedly groaned, shooting a very brief but downright-soul-piercingly and extremely-startlingly evil glare at Karma (despite the fact that said boy had rather-clearly saved both Nagisa's life AND Korosensei's life, along with his own life) as he did so.

"Go ahead; I'm listening..." Korosensei shrugged his shoulders and exhaustedly groaned while Nagisa took a remarkably deep breath and then immediately began ranting his ever-loving head off about the absolutely insane and downright-word-definingly reckless (not to mention immensely disturbing and disgusting) distraction method that Karma had used in order to take Corona-Chan's eyes off of Nagisa.

"You see, Karma...he...in order to take Corona-Chan's eyes off of me while I operated your brain's 'pest control' system, he apparently decided that allowing said utterly sadistic and quite-literally filthy whore to have what VERY-clearly sounded like and also-very-clearly appeared to have been rather gratuitous foot sex with him, presumably complete with her bare feet making DIRECT contact with his equally bare penis, was a good idea! Do I really even need to EXPLAIN how freaking worried I am about him right now?!" Nagisa utterly-furiously ranted into Korosensei's CWBO microphone while Karma extremely-humiliatedly scratched the back of his OWN head with his right hand and incredibly-awkwardly went "EH HEH HEH" in response.

"Ehh...what can I really say that hasn't already been said before about Karma's utter reckless-ness and the rather-brazenly meaningful nature of his name?" Korosensei somewhat-frustratedly wondered out loud while Karma irritatedly rolled his eyes (and, of course, Nagisa snidely giggled) in response.

"But...but Korosensei, Corona-Chan was-" Karma threw his arms out beside himself and pathetically-desperately-and-whinily began explaining to Korosensei, wanting to finish said sentence with "one of the sexiest bitches I've ever seen in my entire life" but thankfully being cut off mid-sentence by said octopus man's clearly-purposefully abrupt response to his words.

"Corona-Chan, as it turned out, actually WAS an extremely REAL threat! Despite my NUMEROUS warnings, you and Nagisa insufferably-stubbornly REFUSED to actually realize how much of a threat she was until it was already basically too late...and now, IRONY of all ironies, you two are in one DILLY of a pickle as a result of said arrogance!" Korosensei very-mockingly and deliberately-pretentiously explained to Karma and Nagisa, crossing his arms over his chest and incredibly-smug-lookingly closing his eyes as he did so. Needless to say, he pissed said boys off every bit as much as he had been hoping to in the process.

"NO, WE'RE NOT, YOU FREAKING NUMB-SKULL; WE'RE IN YOUR-" Nagisa and Karma hilariously-infuriatedly (not to mention T-Rex-facedly) began yelling into Korosensei's CWBO microphone in unison, only for said octopus man to abruptly cut them off mid-sentence yet again.

"You're in my BRAIN! Wow; what an INCREDIBLY difficult thing for someone who is as super-intelligent as I am to be able to figure out WITHOUT the two of you having to repeatedly 'freaking' TELL me about it!" Korosensei tightly clutched his chest with his arms and uproariously laughed at Nagisa's and Karma's expenses, causing the two of them to become even angrier in response.

"GOD DAMN IT, MAN; FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST FUCKING TELL US HOW WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GET OUT OF YOUR BODY IN A WAY THAT ISN'T COMPLETELY FUCKING REVOLTING?!" Karma unbelievably-furiously screamed into

Korosensei's CWBO microphone at the top of his ever-loving lungs while Nagisa almost-equally-furiously nodded his head in agreement.

"Well, you see, it's a simple matter of the two of you needing to cause an air current that is powerful enough to expel the two of you from my body to pass through my nostrils!" Korosensei still-very-trollishly explained to Nagisa and Karma, rather-amusingly causing the two of them to look increasingly depressed and suicide-craving in response.

"That means that I'm going to have to SNEEZE you out, you utterly adorable little rascals!" Korosensei ever-so-playfully teased Nagisa and Karma as the two of them (after extensively making sure that their technically-impossible-to-actually-drop-things-out-of-without-deliberate-application-of-outside-force suit pockets were indeed closed) rather-reluctantly used said octopus man's Central Nervous Super-Computer to open the hidden "exit" hatch in the internal floor of his temporal lobe before then thankfully-still-liquid-proof-suit-wearingly diving straight out of his brain through said hatch (causing said hatch to automatically re-close itself in response) and then rather-nauseatedly swimming their way through the massive pool of weird yellow "water" by which said brain was being nourished.

"Just as we suspected..." Nagisa and Karma immensely-uncomfortably but still-very-fascinatedly thought to themselves, rather-amusedly chuckling at how incredibly yellow Korosensei's comically huge, veiny and throbbing head apparently also was on the INSIDE as they impressively-quickly swam their way over to said octopus man's quite-literally "right next to his eyeballs" nostrils...of which the left one was to the left of his left eye while the right one was to the right of his right eye, with the "water" level inside his head rather-luckily being JUST low enough to not actually be able to reach said nostrils and therefore allowing Nagisa and Karma to climb directly into said nostrils (using quite literal "flesh ladders" that the internal front wall of Korosensei's head had somehow built into itself in order to help Nagisa and Karma) and thankfully NOT have to do any more flying in order to reach them.

"Alright, Karma; go ahead and enter Korosensei's right nostril! I'll enter his left one!" Nagisa surprisingly-politely commanded Karma as the two of them respectively entered Korosensei's left and right nostrils and then immediately began tickling the internal walls of said (disgustingly snotty and hairy) nostrils by each two-handedly brushing exactly one comically large "emergency" feather from their suit pockets against said walls.

"AHHH...AHHHHHH...AHHHHHHHHH..." Korosensei tilted his head backward, tightly closed his eyes and began loudly moaning from how much Nagisa and Karma were irritating the inside of his nose; meanwhile, said boys immediately stuffed their "emergency" feathers back into their suit pockets and rather-understandably began thinking "dear God, this is going to suck SO freaking much" to themselves in response.

"AH-CHOOOOOOOOO!" Korosensei VERY-loudly and astonishingly-mightily sneezed, causing Nagisa and Karma to get mucus-coatedly blown out of his nostrils at what must have felt like actual Mach 20 speed and then immensely-humiliatingly-and-stickily "land" on said octopus man's blackboard with not one but two nauseatingly gross "SPLAT" sound effects while said octopus man rather-amusedly wiped his nose off with one of his right arms in response.

"So, tell me, boys; what exactly HAVE you two learned from this remarkably fantastic voyage of yours?" Korosensei somewhat-teasingly asked Nagisa and Karma as he fired exactly two "magical" grow rays from his hands and somehow managed to perfectly hit both of said boys with said rays, causing the poor little bastards to finally grow back to their normal sizes before then hilariously-loudly-and-startledly falling and collapsing onto the floor of his classroom.

“That we don’t want to EVER embark on such a journey again...” Nagisa and Karma light-headedly and green-facedly sighed as they exhaustedly slipped into unconsciousness and therefore began soundly and face-downly sleeping on the floor of Korosensei’s classroom; surely enough, Mr. Karasuma (who had presumably been standing right next to the front door of said room and waiting for Korosensei’s utterly demented antics to finally end for what he, as in Mr. K, considered to be quite some time) FURIOUSLY opened the front door of said room roughly ten seconds later.

“KOROSENSEI, I SWEAR TO FUCKING CHRIST AND ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING/EVERYONE THAT IS/WAS RELATED TO HIM; IF YOU DON’T FUCKING TELL ME WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON IN HERE, I’M GOING TO GIVE NAGISA AND KARMA LEGAL FUCKING PERMISSION TO KILL YOU FROM THE INSIDE! DO YOU FUCKING HEAR ME?!” Mr. Karasuma ground-shakingly-forcefully stomped his way over to Korosensei before then very-well-deservedly grabbing him by the collar of his suit using both of his rage-inducedly shaking hands and quite-literally-steamingly (not to mention T-Rex-facedly) screaming at him; meanwhile, Nagisa’s and Karma’s fellow Class 3-E students (who had been increasingly-reluctantly following along behind Mr. Karasuma) were quite-frankly already becoming considerably too afraid of Mr. Karasuma to even want to be in the same room that said man was occupying.

“Oh, COME on; what did I do?!” Korosensei threw his arms out beside himself and bewilderedly whined while massive jets of steam shot themselves out of the intensely red-faced Mr. Karasuma’s ears (needless to say, Nagisa and Karma were mostly just pretending to still be asleep so that they wouldn’t be able to provoke Mr. Karasuma into beating the ever-loving crap out of them).

“Sigh...well, let’s SEE here, SHALL we? You presumably made me have to pay an EXTREMELY massive ‘water pollution’ fine for a certain disgustingly massive SHIT that you seem to have just-recently taken in the otherwise fresh water of the forest surrounding this building, you made me have to prematurely end one of your own students’ EXTREMELY well-deserved parties just because you clearly have practically NO god-forsaken idea how to freaking BEHAVE yourself like an actual adult or even many of your own aforementioned students...oh, AND if I’m not mistaken, you even deliberately put Nagisa’s and Karma’s lives in LUDICROUSLY extreme danger just because YOU were sick! I’ve already temporarily fired Irina from her former job/role as my unbearably incompetent and obnoxious female assistant; don’t freaking MAKE me fire YOU from your current job as Class 3-E’s TEACHER while I’m at it!” Mr. Karasuma took a very deep breath and then remarkably-loudly sighed in order to release (most of) his anger, then still-rather-seethingly and extremely-long-windedly continued ranting at Korosensei (who mostly just went “blah, blah, blah” with his hands and rather-annoyedly nodded his head in response).

“Well, at least the CoronaVirus is no longer inside ME, I suppose...” Korosensei shrugged his shoulders and listlessly groaned, causing Mr. Karasuma to utterly-horrifiedly freeze in response (not to mention shock that said octopus man’s horrifically terrible-smelling breath only added to).

“Oh, dear GOD...WHICH ONE OF THE STUDENTS THAT YOU JUST SENT INTO YOURSELF IS IT INSIDE NOW?! SERIOUSLY, YOU HAVE TO FREAKING TELL ME RIGHT NOW!” Mr. Karasuma very-loudly and nearly-microscopic-pupiledly gasped in surprise...then suddenly extremely-tightly clutched his head with both of his hands and began dementedly yelling in rather-impressively unbridled terror while Korosensei rather-frightenedly told him to “PLEASE calm down” in response.

“Oh, I dunno; why don’t you try asking the one who not only has bright-red hair but also has feverishly warm-looking skin?” Korosensei sarcasm-drippingly pointed out while Mr. Karasuma intensely-aggravatedly rolled his eyes and rather-understandably-hatefully muttered “I don’t get paid enough for this shit” to himself in response.

LATER, IN AN EMERGENCY ROOM AT THE NEAREST HOSPITAL, AFTER KORONSEI HAD VERY-THOROUGHLY BRUSHED HIS TEETH AND TONGUE...

“So tell us, doctor; DOES this boy (Karma) currently contain a supernaturally powerful COVID-19 germ that wants to horrifically pollute said boy’s body and then make said boy’s body its own in the style of an extremely stereotypical Chinese dictator?” a face-mask-wearing Korosensei very-protectively stood right next to an also-face-mask-wearing Nagisa and rather-oddly-specifically asked the generic “sexy female doctor” (named Irina Jelavic aka Bitch-Sensei) who had been only-barely-professionally studying the hospital-bed-bound and extremely-sick-feeling Karma’s symptoms (and, of course, was ALSO wearing a face mask), with both him (Korosensei) and Nagisa hilariously-visibly praying for said doctor’s answer to be “no” as they did so.

“Of COURSE, ya freaking numb-skull!” Irina heartily and extremely-evilly laughed (causing her boobs to jiggle like bowls full of jelly as she did so) while Nagisa and Korosensei both VERY-clearly wanted to die in response.

“Here we go AGAIN...” Nagisa shrugged his shoulders and green-facedly (not to mention extremely-depressedly-and-disappointedly) groaned as the screen finally, at VERY long last, faded to black.

THE END?

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